

MAN

Mm, yeah. I'd like that a lot,
sugar. Look at you. So young and
sweet. Mm, can't wait to taste
that.

He grabs her ass and pushes her towards the stairs. He reaches into his inner pocket then thinks better of it.

MAN (CONT'D)

(to the bartender,
laughing)

Pay ya what I think she's worth
when I'm done.

PRISCILLA

(to Jack)

C'mon, baby... make you feel real
nice if you want. Look like you're
in need of some relaxin'.

JACK sneers at PRISCILLA. He wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

JACK

Ain't talkin' to you, whore.

JACK pushes off the bar and stalks behind the MAN. JILLI climbs the stairs slowly, making it part of the seduction like she's been taught. She sees JACK and stares.

The MAN catches up to her and stands on the step below her (still taller than she is). He looks down over her shoulder at her breasts.

MAN

Gotcha a little chicken skin. G'on
girlie, up them steps. Let's see
how excited ya really are.

He plays with her skirts as she slowly takes a few more steps. She doesn't look anywhere except JACK.

The MAN steps up behind her again and rubs against her.

MAN (CONT'D)

Up them stairs. I need to put a
little sugar in my cup of tea.

He rubs a finger crudely over her lips.

PRISCILLA and BARTENDER watch the scene closely. BARTENDER glances down at a shelf behind the bar (shotgun).

JACK'S boots clomp heavily on the stairs behind the MAN and JILLI.

JILLI turns back to look at the man demurely.

JACK stops a couple of stairs below them.

JACK
She's got company.

MAN
Not what she said. You can have her
when I'm done with her. Promise I
won't ride the filly too hard.

He turns to look at JACK, fishing for some money. He smiles at JACK, trying to be friendly.

The rest of the saloon has paused to watch what JACK was going to do.

MAN (CONT'D)
Let me buy ya a drink while ya
wait.

JACK
No one does her but me, s'long as
I'm here.

MAN
I got myself powerful friends
there, son. Best to move on, wait
your turn.

JACK
What?

JACK steps up to the BARTENDER step as the MAN. His hand rests on his gun.

JACK (CONT'D)
What were ya sayin'? 'Fraid I
missed that.

The MAN spits down on JILLI'S breasts and steps backwards down the stairs.

MAN
Ain't worth the trouble. Nothin'
there that great, anyway. Had
better this mornin'.

The MAN looks smug as he turns around, facing properly to go down the stairs.